

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### FIRE SIDE REFLECTIONS.

SOME time since, I saw a cartman beating his horse in a most unmerciful manner, which raised my indignation; I demanded the reason of his barbarous conduct, to which he replied with an oath, that the horse would not draw his load. Poor mortal, thought I, was you to be placed in the situation of the beast, you would be ashamed of the human species, and never desire to assume the form of man again; but on the contrary, would desire to die like the brute, and be no more—Scarcely a month had elapsed before I recognized the barbarous wretch, with all possible humility handing me a petition to raise a sum to purchase another horse. Barbarous man, said I to him, are you not the very person who beat your horse near the market on such a day. Shame and confusion appeared on his countenance; he begged my indulgence with a promise never to do so again; since which I learn, he has assumed his original temper, and not only abuses his beast, but benefactors.—Thus we pass on, and endeavour to mitigate the miseries of man, but find our hopeful endeavours blasted, and scarcely an instance of grateful return in a thousand. Still we have encouragement to proceed, as charity with judgment, creates a nobleness of soul, free from the attacks of the licentious; for by requiting good for evil, we shall heap coals of fire upon their heads.

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NEW-YORK, Dec. 26, 1795.

### MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

PRIDE is as incompatible with true gentility, as pedantry with a well cultivated mind. It is not always in the power of adventitious affluence to conceal the want of birth and good breeding; the low idea, and affected consequence, will betray themselves on every occasion, and prove the origin of the upstart to be rather less honourable than it appears to be. Nor is it seldom that it meets with humiliating rebuffs, and those not undeserved, as in the following instance:

A lady of the foregoing description, was lately observing before a large company, that in her opinion, there

were but three sorts of people: the gentry, the middling kind of people, and the servants or vulgar. "In short" says she, "they may be divided into china, delf and crockery." She had not long made this observation, before she ordered a footman who was waiting in the room, to call down the nurse, and bid her bring with her the child. The man, nettled at his mistress's illiberal distinction, went to the bottom of the stairs, and calling out, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, *Crockery* bring down little *China*. On his return to the room, his mistress threatened him with dismissal for his impudence. "Indeed madam," replied he, "you may save yourself the trouble, for I am going."

When any one blames a king for not speaking plainly, it should be remembered, that it is the duty of a sovereign, to say that which cannot be brought against him. This principle was ingeniously turned by a gentleman, in the court of Charles the second. "Do you know," said a friend of his, "that a few days ago, his majesty said you were an incorrigible fool?"—"I don't mind that," replied the gentleman, "for do you not know, that kings never say what they think!"

"Be guarded in thy words," said a quaker to his son, "lest at any time they bear a construction thou dost not mean, and tend to thy disadvantage." A caution needful to all; for though the intention may be blameless, the expression may only be taken literally, and give offence.

A gentleman calling upon a friend that lived a good way off, who was attended by a physician, asked the doctor if he did not find it very inconvenient to come to his friend from such a distance. "Not at all sir," replied the son of Esculapius, "for having another patient in the adjoining street, I can kill two birds with one stone." "Can you so," replied the sick man;—"then you are too good a shot for me;" and immediately dismissed him.

### B O N M O T.

A prince, rallying the fatness of a courtier, who had served him in many embassies, said, he looked like an ox. "I know not," said the courtier, "what I am like: but I know that I have often had the honour to represent your majesty."



HISTORY OF  
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE perjured Lama wished no less than she to break the bonds which attached him to Elvira, and opposed the means Xerina was every day offering him, for no other reason, than because he thought them dangerous: "No body," said he, "will dare to intermeddle between me and my wife, how ill soever I use her; but should any discovery be made, that I attempted her life, the whole world would become my accusers, and I must inevitably share the fate of other murderers." But all his arguments were too weak to convince Xerina he owed her not this mark of his affection; and, therefore, left nothing untried which might oblige him to give it her. The first step she took was to counterfeit so profound a melancholy, that all the diversions Lama was continually preparing for her, seemed rather to augment than diminish it. He was troubled without measure at the condition in which he saw her, and pressed her every moment to an explanation of the cause, calling on heaven and earth to witness his love and fidelity. To this the cunning Xerina answered only with her tears, and conjuring him not to cease loving her, notwithstanding the decay of her beauty; he who found her as charming as ever, made her a thousand protestations of an eternal constancy, and all their conversations ended with the tears of the one and the assurances of the other. Every day seemed to bring with it an increase of grief, and at last whoever had seen her, would have imagined her wholly abandoned to despair; then pretending to be quite overcome by the inward agitations of her soul, she made herself be kept in bed, and her attendants gave out that she was dying. Don Balthazar alarmed almost to distraction, quitted the most important business, and never stirred from her apartment, and by all his actions, testified that his life was absolutely attached to hers. As he was sitting by her one day, on the bed side, all bathed in tears for her imagined danger, and protesting he neither could nor would survive her loss; "No, my Lord," said she, tenderly pressing his hand, "I only ought to die as an expiation for the crime my pride has made me guilty of in imagining myself worthy of your love. Donna Elvira is, doubtless much more so than I, since Heaven permits her to live, and destroys me. It is not, however, by her tenderness for you, for you have often told me she never loved you—Alas!" continued she, "who can ever love you like the unfortunate Xerina? 'Tis the too perfect affection I have for you that sends me to my grave—You cannot be entirely mine, and I cannot live without being entirely yours—The death of Elvira alone can give you to the princess of Achon; and it is the death of this princess that must restore you to Elvira: It is just, my Lord, that I should be the sacrifice, and I shall resign my last breath with pleasure," added she, putting his hand to her mouth, and kissing it passionately, "if my death will ensure you felicity."

What words were these for a man to hear, who doated, who adored like Don Balthazar! they failed not to work

on him all the effect the cruel Xerina had designed them for—"Ah! 'tis too much, madam," cried he, "if to preserve your life, that of Elvira must be sacrificed; I deliver her up to you—ordain, command, let all perish, rather than my adorable princess." "Oh! how transporting is this promise!" interrupted she, "and how capable is it of prolonging my days, if it be as sincere as it is full of love!" "What must be done to prove it so?" resumed Lama, in the most vehement tone. "You must," replied Xerina, "make me the immediate mistress of Elvira's fate; approve my designs, support me in the execution of them, and fix my happiness, by being united to me forever." Don Balthazar was so strongly infatuated by this princess, and the passion he had for her so contrary to reason and good sense, that he regarded nothing but rendering her contented, and testifying the violence of his love: he consented in a moment, and without any hesitation, to all she asked, and made a thousand oaths to approve all she did, and to second her himself, if it was necessary. The barbarous Xerina made known her joy, and the sense she had of this compliance, by all that the most tender and attracting love could inspire; and knew so well how to engage him by her caresses and endearments, that wholly overcome with rapture, his very soul was moulded to what form she pleased to give it, and from that time he talked with her of poisoning or stabbing Elvira, with the same indifference as he would have done on any ordinary matter.

But while they were consulting on means the most sure and secret, for the destruction of Elvira, Heaven protected her innocent life, by sending to her aid the only person capable of relieving her in this extremity.

Don Sebastian de Suza, who embarked soon after her, having a favourable wind, arrived at Goa, almost as soon as that beautiful unfortunate. On his landing he went, with his faithful Alvarez, to the house of a Jew, whom he had known at Lisbon, and who, for some service he had done the state, had obtained permission to establish himself at Goa, or any part of the dominions of the king of Portugal, according as his commerce demanded his presence; and this it was which gave him the liberty of coming from time to time to Lisbon, to sell slaves, of which he made a great traffic. Don Sebastian, who knew that interest was the first great mover among those sort of people, made him a present of a large purse of gold; and by that proof of an extraordinary liberality, engaged him to conceal them at their house, till they had time to reflect how they should proceed.

The Jew, who doubted not but he should greatly advance himself by this confidence, was sincerely resolved to do his utmost to serve him. As he had also considerable dealings in diamonds and pearls, as well as slaves, he had frequent access to the Vice-Roy, the Princess of Achon, and all the other great persons residing at Goa: and Suza knowing this, charged him with the first commission, to find out what had passed at the Palace since the arrival of the Vice-Queen, and in what manner she was treated by her husband. But it was little necessary to go out for information of that kind; the conduct of the Vice-Roy was too well known in that particular, to be a



secret to those who troubled themselves least with enquiring into what was doing in the world; and, on Don Sebastian's mentioning it, the other immediately related to him the reception he had given her, the close captivity in which she lived, the cruelty of driving from her Leonora, and the absolute power the Princess of Achon had over the actions of the Vice-Roy.

Scarce could Sebastian contain his rage at this intelligence, but having resolved to do nothing which might violate the promise he had made his mother, or risque the loss of Elvira for ever; he summoned all his patience to his aid, and demanded of the Jew, if there was not a possibility of speaking to Leonora. "Nothing can be more easy," replied he; "for when she was banished from her mistress, she addressed herself to me for a lodging, and having no conveniencies myself at that time, I placed her in the house of an acquaintance, one who is originally a Portuguese, but has been settled a long time at Goa." There needed no more for Don Sebastian to entreat he would bring her to his house at night; which the other assuring him he would do, he went directly to her, and telling her he had something of importance to communicate to her, which it was not proper to disclose, but in his own house, desired she would not fail coming at a certain hour appointed by him,

Leonora, who was not of an age to fear those accidents to which youth is liable, and had also received many obligations from the Jew, since she had left her mistress, made no difficulty of assuring him she would be there.

The hour being arrived, she kept her promise, and was no sooner entered, than the Jew conducted her to the apartment of Don Sebastian; who no sooner perceived her, than he ran to her, caught her in his arms, and embraced her with a vehemence which gave her suspicions very different from the truth; but having lifted up her veil, with a design to undeceive a person who she imagined mistook her for some younger person, she no sooner cast her eyes on him than she returned his caresses with transport, and bursting into tears of joy and astonishment, "my lord," said she, "by what miracle has heaven sent me a consolation so little expected?" "Alas! dear Leonora," replied Suza, "I am not in a condition to give you any, and come but to demand it of you." Leonora, to whom these words brought all the misfortunes of Elvira fresh to mind, could make no other answer than tears; but recollecting the freedom she had used towards him before the Jew, she withdrew from his arms, and resuming a countenance more respectful, "pardon me, my lord," said she, "if the excess of my surprize and joy made me forget the distance I ought to observe towards you; but my age, my zeal, and your goodness, I hope, will authorize the liberty I have taken." Don Sebastian desired she would not change her manner of behaviour, and told her, that he regarded her as the mother of all that was dear to him in the world.

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO MR. AMBULATOR.

BEING passionately fond of walking and perceiving myself a non-descript in your researches, I must beg your indulgence, Sir, for a little advice: as it is common to delineate our constitutions to a physician, before we attend to his prescriptions, so Sir, I suppose it actually necessary to hand in as accurately as possible the gait which I carry in my excursions; after which if you will please to give your advice, I shall forever esteem you as a friend to that noble exercise. Now Sir, as candour is necessary, I trust you will not hesitate to give your opinions as full scope as I do the description of my person, so Sir I proceed: I carry myself as erect as possible, only inclining my head back (which is not the least) about forty-five degrees, the remainder of my frame being tolerably well cast in one of nature's roughest moulds, for my father is a carpenter and my mother a seamstress, which makes them both mechanics, and consequently must have brought me into this world a bouncing ill-bred fellow. Patience, Sir, and hear me out. Although my parents are mechanics and myself not one of the most respectable, yet I delight to walk with the ladies, because it makes me respected, and I love to hear myself criticised on, for I am sure it makes me popular. Now then to the point again—as I was walking with a young lady—(you know I carry my legs square, as though they were made of wood, and they come down chunk upon the ground)—well, as I was walking up Pearl-street, and coming to a place where the boys had been sliding, I let down my chunking legs as usual, and so came down body and all, like a log of wood; and had it not been for her with whom I was walking, I do not know but what I should have lain there yet, for she picked me up sorely bruised—Another instance of my perfection is, that when I am walking I cannot avoid the various obstacles which are in my way, and consequently must run against or tumble over them; I will relate one which recently occurred, I had just put on a splinter new coat, and was anxious to shew it to my friends; well, as I was running—(you know, Sir, that it is common for mechanics to run)—an oyster-stall lying in the way, over I went head foremost, and so muddled my new coat, that when I came to my friends they almost laughed me in and out of countenance.—But that is not the worst, for turning out at the alarm of Fire, last Sunday, I fell down on the pavement and tore a hole in a new pair of breeches, and wounded both of my knees. Now Sir, if you can give me a little advice, how to use my legs better, and if I should fall, how to do it without injuring my person or clothes, I will thank you three times. I am yours, &c.

TECHNICAL.

N. B. Tell me what to call myself.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 28, 1795.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

# THE SLAVES.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

"Ye Gods! is there not some chosen curse,  
"Some hidden thunders in the stores of heav'n  
"Red with uncommon wrath, prepar'd to blast"  
Such civilized barbarians?

THE persons who are the subjects of this short tale are natives of Africa. The female was beautiful; at least, she was called so in her own country. Her name was Ala. The time was appointed for her nuptials, and Ara was to be the happy person. Her parents had taught her to love him when she was yet a child, and when she arrived at mature age, she approved their choice. But how fleeting is human happiness. The night preceding the day on which Ara was to be put in possession of Ala, a party of men from a British ship then lying in the bay, rushed forth to seize on their defenceless victims. "That fatal night when all seem'd still," while Ala was pouring forth her orisons to the power she had been taught to adore, in a vale not far from her habitation, she was seized upon by these "*agents of the devil*," carried on board their vessel, and put amongst others, doomed to lead a life of slavery, in the hold.

Ara waited on the parents of his intended bride on the day he was to call Ala his. When he found, to his utter astonishment, her parents giving vent to their sorrow, on losing their beloved daughter. Ara was petrified with horror, when he was informed that his love had been hurried away from her devotions, on the evening before, by men who styled themselves "*Christians*," and by her cries had been traced to the place of her confinement. He endeavoured to console their grief-torn breasts, altho' he had as much need of the consolation himself. He told them that he would endeavour to release Ala, or perish in the attempt, and appointed the next day to put his design into execution.

But fate would not spare Ara till the next day to fulfil his promise. The wind blew fair, and the captain of the ship, who only waited for a few more slaves, ordered his men that evening to scour the country. They set out agreeable to their orders, and the first dwelling that fell in their way proved to be that in possession of the father of Ara; they immediately entered, and to their great joy discovered upwards of twenty persons sitting round one, who appeared to be asking their advice about an affair of moment. They were seized upon before they had time to effect an escape, their hands were tied, ropes were fastened to their legs, and in this manner they were drawn to the beach, where the boat was waiting for them. They were hurried on board, and as these unfortunates were sufficient to complete the numbers, the next day was appointed for their departure.

The day came, and brought with it the parents of Ala to the shore. The anchor was weighed—the sails were unfurled, and all the officers had resumed their stations when their ears were assailed with lamentations. They discovered two persons, who appeared to be in the greatest agony of grief, who when they found they were observed, plunged in the sea, and made towards this "*floating*

*hell*." On their nearer approach, the captain found they were aged persons, and imagining they would not outlive the passage, gave orders not to admit them on board.

They swam round the ship, and at last succeeded in their attempts to get hold of something. They were immediately beaten off. They again got hold—here *humanity* would not extend so far as to *beat them off* a second time, but the inhuman commander slipped a rope round their necks, and suspended them in the air. They were held in this posture until it was judged they were *half dead*, the rope was then cut, and these children of sorrow were consigned to the watery elements to *finish their existence*.

After a tedious passage the vessel anchored before Jamaica. The slaves were ordered upon deck, and passed in review before their purchasers. It pleased heaven to give Ara and Ala one master. They were sent to his plantation. The person who purchased these two Africans, had a greater share of christianity than his brethren. When they arrived at his house, they were clothed and treated well, and the next day they were sent for to appear before him. He saw they had been weeping, although they endeavoured to conceal it. He asked for the history of their lives, and they made out to gratify him. He had learned their language while a youth, for he had known misfortunes, and once had a master himself. But kind Providence had given him a competent estate, when least expected; and as he knew how slaves were treated, he endeavoured by all possible means to make the lives of those that were under him as easy as possible. When he became acquainted with their sufferings, he told them they were *FREE*, and that if they chose to stay with him, they should receive wages, and be treated as his children. They fell down and embraced the feet of this "*one of a thousand*," and sobbed out their thanks. He raised them from their humble situation. Ara, he appointed his overseer. They were united the next day by a clergyman. And once more saw happiness in the island of Jamaica, L. B.

New-York, December 24, 1795.

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GOOD GOVERNMENT!!

BRANTOM, in his life of Don John of Austria, relates, that Lewis XI. of France, observing one day among a croud, an officer whom he disliked, made a private sign to Triston l'Hermite, his Grand Provost, "to put him out of the way." Triston, well accustomed to the signal, but unluckily mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a well-fed Monk, who stood in the same line with the captain, allured him to the Palace-yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Louis hearing that the proscribed officer had been posting towards Flanders, reproached Triston with his neglect. "Flanders!" said the Grand Provost, "Your majesty must be in an error. The Monk has got half way to the Rouen by this time; I sent him a-drift, tied up in a sack." "What Monk?" "Him your majesty pointed at." "Hah, *Pasque Dieu*!" exclaimed the King, "you have drowned me the best Priest in my kingdom; but it cannot be helped now; so we will have a dozen masses said for his soul; but it was that dog of a captain, not the poor Monk, whom I meant."



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION ;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

*(Continued from page 206.)*

THE Countess stared wildly at me, for some minutes, and at once started suddenly up, grasping my hand as if in a trance. "Do you hear?" exclaimed she, with a dreadful joy. "Do you hear? I shall see him again. My prayers are heard. I shall press my William once more to this fond bosom, shall hear one more the harmony of his voice. O! happy, happy, wished for meeting!" Then she began to measure the room with hasty strides, exclaiming ever and anon, "I shall see once more my dear, my adored Lord, and bid him an eternal adieu."

My feelings almost overpowered me; I could not stand any longer that affecting scene, and left the room. She was close at my heels, and conjured me to keep the strictest secrecy, and not to drop a word about the appointed meeting in the presence of her servants, which I readily promised. "This day," added she "shall be a day of rejoicing. Excuse the violence of my emotions—I cannot check the powerful effects of sensations which I have long been a stranger to.—Will you be so kind to share with me the joys of this day?" "I am very sorry," I replied, "that it is not in my power to accept your kind offer; but you know, my lady, that my worthy tutor is still ignorant of my fate; and you can easily think that the good old man will expect my return with painful anxiety." She could not contest the justice of my remark; insisted however upon my staying dinner. No other choice was left me, but to accept her pressing invitation. The dinner was excellent, and the Countess so lively and good humoured, that the servants were surprised, and began to whisper their remarks in each other's ear.

Dinner being over, she dismissed me, but not before I had solemnly promised to return with my tutor in three days, if not sooner. However, I did not leave the house before I had cleared up my whole mysterious adventure of the preceding night. The ice-cold hand—the skulls and bones—the spectre, and every thing that had filled me with so much terror, I found now so natural, that I blushed at my childish fears. The cold hand belonged to the phlegmatic porter, and perhaps it appeared then colder to me than it really was, because I was very much heated. He had drawn his hand suddenly back, because I trembled violently, and struggled to disengage myself. He had not answered my question, because I had asked it with a faltering voice, and left me to light the candle which the wind had extinguished. My staggering steps had led me to a remote part of the house, where the Countess had erected a kind of mausoleum to her deceased Lord; and my hand had touched the skulls and human bones it was decorated with. The groans and sighs which I had heard, came from an old poor woman, who had a violent tooth-ache. When the stone rolled down, she went out of the cellar, where she was suffered to lie, to see who

was there; she threatened me with her hand, and went back, because she mistook me for one of the servants, and fancied the stone had been thrown down on purpose to frighten her. The door which had led me to the bottomless room, belonging to an old cellar, where the steps had been destroyed by the ravages of time, and which the servants had left open out of carelessness. The room on the spiral stair-case, where I had broken the glass-pane, was inhabited by the cook and butler. Their discourse, part of which I had overheard, concerned a hog, which was to be killed the next day. When I was hurrying down the staircase, the porter received me in his arms, being afraid I might tumble down, and carried me during my swoon, to the apartment where I recovered the use of my senses. I was ashamed that this accidental concurrence of circumstances, which if coolly considered, were nothing less than alarming, could have rendered me so ridiculously fearful, and cowardly, and took a firm resolution to act with more reflection in future. "This adventure," said I to myself, "shall teach me to bridle my impetuous imagination, to examine every thing uncommon by the torch of reason, and thus to guard my understanding against the dangerous delusions of a lively impetuous fancy."

I gave a ducat to the servant of the Countess, who had been sent with me to show me the way, for his trouble, as I pretended; however my real view was to bribe him to a confession, my curiosity of receiving a satisfactory information of the circumstances and the life of the Countess, being harrowed up to the utmost degree; but I was very much disappointed.

"All that I know of my Lady (said he) is very little, because I have not been long in her service. She came about three months ago to this castle, with an old gentleman whom she called uncle, and a servant, who departed as soon as she was properly settled. She leads a very retired and blameless life, is said to have been married in her nineteenth year to an amiable nobleman, who three years after his marriage had been assassinated, nobody knows by whom? She has lamented her poor Lord these two years, and never receives company. No one can tell where she comes from; she is supposed to be very rich, and of a great and noble family. Many people think that the name by which she goes is fictitious."

I asked him whether he knew nothing further of her?

"Not a syllable (answered he, after a short silence) except that she is the best lady on earth, has an excellent heart, and performs many charitable deeds in secret. She sends, for instance, every week, one of us in disguise to town, to enquire for people who have been reduced by unmerited misfortunes, and to administer relief to them. But we must carefully conceal from those objects of her benevolence the name of their benefactress, if we will not be dismissed her service."

"Excellent woman!" exclaimed I, and was just going to give vent to the feelings of my heart, when the servant directed my attention to two people who were walking towards us. We had not advanced fifty steps, when I knew them to be my tutor and my servant,



I flew on the wings of impatience and joy to meet them, and pressed my old governor with as much rapture to my heart as if I had not seen him many years. The first emotions of joy being over, I sent the servant of the Countess back, and ordered my valet to follow him at a distance. Then I related to my tutor at large, the adventures I had met with since our separation. His countenance bespoke alternately anxiety, joy and astonishment, while I was relating my extraordinary tale, at the conclusion of which he pressed me to his bosom with a father's tenderness, exclaiming with tears of pleasure in his eyes, "Thank God! thank God! that you are restored to me!—But ought I not to chide you a little (added he smiling) for all the uneasiness and sorrow I have suffered on your account. The danger in which my life has been I will not mention, for that you could not foresee." "Your life in danger?" I exclaimed, terrified. "The servant can witness it!" he replied, calling our man. Now I first perceived that the poor fellow was very much wounded in his face. "For heaven's sake! what has happened?" "Let me tell you the story from the beginning," said my tutor.

"I was running after you yesterday, as long as my legs would carry me, but when I sunk to the ground, overpowered by fatigue, I ordered the servant to follow you. He returned when it was waxing dark, with the intelligence that he had lost sight of you, and not been able to trace you out. Not knowing our way back, we were obliged to resolve to sleep in the forest. We laid ourselves down beneath an ancient oak, and soon fell asleep in spite of the roaring tempest." I interrupted him: "have you also heard the roaring and howling of wild beasts?"

"We heard the roaring of the storm and the croaking of the raven, but no sound of wild beasts. Have you heard any thing Pietro?"

The servant denied it, and I begged my tutor to proceed, not without some marks of astonishment. Having viewed me a while with examining looks, he continued his narrative.

"The dawn of morn was breaking through the clouds, when I awakened the servant. I was determined to go in search of you, happen what would. Having advanced about half a mile, two ruffians rushed out of a thicket, and soon were joined by four more. We were surrounded in a moment. Their countenance betokened thirst for blood and murder, and their daggers were unsheathed in a twinkling of an eye. 'Here is money, I exclaimed, spare our life.' 'Down with the rascals!' exclaimed their savage-looking leader, snatching the purse from my hand, and at the same time attacked me with his ruffian band in a most furious manner. The daggers of our aggressors were chiefly pointed at me. I defended myself with unspeakable fury; however, my rage would have availed me very little against the united strength of six stout fellows who fought with undaunted ardour, if Pietro had not supported me so bravely. His zeal in saving my life made him forget his own defence, witness these wounds. Yet we certainly should have been overpowered at last, if heaven had not sent a

third person to our assistance. And who do you think it was? The whimsical beggar was that guardian angel."

Astonishment and wonder did not suffer me to utter a single word, and my tutor resumed:

"He stood suddenly before us, as if fallen from the clouds, and to him I certainly owe the preservation of my life, for he warded off the stroke of a poinard which would have pierced my heart. The ruffians no sooner saw him, when they flung down their poinards and ran howling away, 'Now you may return to the town, without fear, (said he) you are safe.' He then left us suddenly before we could utter a word. We returned to town; however, the idea of the dangers which might threaten your life haunted me every where, and I resolved to go once more in search of you. Pietro reminded me of the danger in which I had been this morning, and entreated me to let him go alone; however, anxiety for you did not suffer me to stay behind, and I am rejoiced that nothing could persuade me to listen to his prayers, for I should then not have had the pleasure of pressing you to my bosom so soon."

"Dearest, best of men!" He stopped my mouth, and would not suffer me to go on. "No praise! no thanks!" said he, "I have followed the impulse of my heart, and am amply rewarded for it by your safety. But do you know, that this accident has cost us the rest of our wealth."

"Did I not tell you, that the stranger has returned me every thing?" So saying, I gave him the box.

"Every thing?" he replied, after he had inspected it. "Is not one of the diamond rings missing?"

"That I have given to the Countess."

He started back, seized with astonishment.

"I have told you, that I promised in a fit of enthusiasm, to give her the ring, if she could procure me an interview with the mysterious beggar; she sent her people after him; he appeared, and the ring was gone."

"What an enormous extravagance! And she accepted it?"

"She refused it at first, and even seemed offended at my offer; however, my pride being wounded, I pressed her so long and so ardently, till she at length yielded to my importunate prayers." "Well then," said she, "I will accept the ring, and wear it in memory of the man who has been the chief means to afford me an opportunity of satisfying the most ardent desire of my heart."

(To be continued.)

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#### A N E C D O T E.

OLIVER CROMWELL, while carrying on a war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow, at the head of a body of horse. A Scotch soldier, planted on a high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing his rein, turned round and said, "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark, he should have an hundred lashes." He did not even order the man to be seized, and he made his escape. A rare example of true courage!



## NEW-YORK.

## MARRIED,

On Friday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. M'Night, Capt. NOAH WYETH to Miss HANNAH THOMAS.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Capt. ISAAC JOHNSON to Miss ELIZA THOMAS.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. NICHOLAS ANTHONY, to Miss CATHARINE SHAW, both of this city.

## DIED,

On Friday evening, the 18th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE KIRBY, wife of William Kirby, Pewterer, and eldest daughter of Nicholas Rosevelt, late of this city, Esquire, deceased.—Her disorder was of a most violent and painful nature, which she sustained for near five weeks, with great patience and christian fortitude; trusting in her dear redeemer, Christ Jesus, for a happy immortality.—She was an affectionate wife, a tender parent, and a kind mistress—beloved and respected by those who resided with her, and was ever ready to assist the distressed.

Her remains were on Monday evening last interred in a vault in the new Dutch Church, attended by her relations and friends.

- ' Bleft with a heart, where social virtues dwelt,  
' A mind and person in each grace matur'd;  
' For others woes as for her own she felt,  
' And sympathizing oft their grief she cured.'

## RESULTS of OBSERVATIONS for Dec. 1795.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometor on Farnheit's Scale.

			Deg.	100	
Do.	do.	do.	At 8. A. M.	38	6
Do.	do.	do.	1 P. M.	43	24
Do.	do.	do.	5 P. M.	41	59
Do.	for the whole month			40	96
Greatest monthly range between the 10th and 22d.				27	0
Do.	Do. in 24 hours, the 4th			16	50
Warmest days the 1st and 10th				54	0
Coldest ditto the 22d				27	0

4 days the mercury was below the freezing point at 8 P. M.  
6 ditto it rained, 2 days it snowed, about 4 inches of snow fell this month.  
10 do it was clear, at 8, 1 & 5 o'clock, 8 days it was cloudy at 8, 1 & 5 o'clock.  
1 do. the wind was high, at ditto, 20 do. the wind was light at do.  
3 times it was calm in this month, 24 days the wind was to W. of N & S.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the the 27th ult. to the 2d inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.			8	1	6
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100		8	1	6	
Dec. 27	43	43	29	75	N. N.W. do.	cloudy	clear	ditto
28	33	50	42	75	42	sw. do. w.	clear	ditto ditto
29	38	43	42	50	w. N.W. do.	clear	ditto	cloudy
30	42	42	75	43	N.E. do. do.	rain	cloudy	ditto
31	44	46	25	43	52	S.E. do. N.E.	cloudy	ditto rain
Jan. 1	43	45	25	43	50	N.W. do. N	clear	ditto ditto
2	36	44	25	42	25	S.E. do. do	clear	ditto ditto

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ODE TO THE NEW-YEAR.

SINCE once again by Jove's supreme mandate,  
We mortals have receiv'd another year:  
Since youthful Ninety-Six 'gins to appear  
With courteous step and truly modest gait.

Let us receive the new-born child,  
With anthems choice, and accents mild.

Make this new year by far excel  
All others that have pass'd;  
Let it in virtue be the first  
In wickedness, the last.

Let no martial clarions sound,  
Let the rude dreadful cannons cease to roar,  
Let nought save songs of peace abound,  
From shore to shore.

Let ev'ry species of mankind,  
True happiness and glory find,  
In love, in peace, content and pleasure;

While planets roll,  
Around bright Sol,  
Their virtue, may it be their treasure.

Then happy times, 'twill surely be,  
A second glorious, happy, golden age we'll see;  
The Gods themselves will look with wonder,  
And Jove awhile will stop his thunder.

So bring the hautboy, and the tuneful lute,  
The clarinet, the violin, the flute,  
Let dulcet harmony resound;  
Make echoing skies, and vaulted roofs attend,  
Make e'en Apollo charm'd descend,  
Make ev'ry gloomy cave, from end to end  
The notes rebound.

ALEXIS.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## LINES,

Written at an assembly of friends, who met on the evening of the thirty-first of December, with a determination to break up at twelve o'clock.

IMPATIENT time, oh stop awhile,  
Will nothing now thy stay beguile,  
Will not thine ear attend the lute  
Or the sweet soothing mournful flute.

Fain would I try sweet music's strain,  
Yea, fain I wou'd, if it wou'd gain  
Fell time to stop his rapid flight,  
And lengthen out this pleasing night.

But oh! how fast the minutes fly,  
I see the time is hast'ning nigh  
When I must bid this groupe adieu,  
And soon bright rising Phœbus view.

The clock does mark with quiv'ring hand,  
What a few moments I command—  
Ah! me, the time is almost gone  
When I must leave this place alone.

Wilt thou not listen now to one that woos thy stay,  
One that's engag'd in hearing friends repeat  
The varied pleasures of the numerous days,  
Since last they met to celebrate this feast.

Ah! no, I see that monitor the clock  
Already now has bent his unkind way,  
Tow'rd's twelve—and only waits the tick to give,  
'Tis given now—and from this place they stray.

L. B.

New-York, Jan. 1, 1796.



V E R S E S,  
BY A GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER,  
ON HER INTENDED MARRIAGE.

SINCE wing'd with joy the jocund hours incline,  
And Hymen beckons to his hallow'd shrine;  
Since tir'd of roving round the sparkling ball,  
And long with calm indifference viewing all,  
Thou quitt'st the scene and from the rural grove,  
Invit'st a partner of thy life and love:  
Say, shall the muse some friendly lays impart,  
And speak the dictates of a brother's heart?  
What time thy mind th' expected joy revolves,  
When the heart dances, and the soul dissolves;  
What time, fair Fancy paints the prospect gay,  
And Loves and Graces round the landscape play.  
Look back! nor think this life one cloudless scene,  
For cares croud thick, and sorrows intervene!  
No lasting bliss e'er gilds this lower sphere,  
Nor meant the Deity a heaven here.  
Too oft young joy when ruddy health supplies,  
Nipp'd in the bloom, but flutters, fades, and dies;  
Flush'd while the phantom fills the expanding sail,  
Heedless we smile, and hug the treach'rous gale.  
As while on Eve with fondness Adam views,  
And he with joy the grateful tale renews,  
In mutual pleasure pass'd the unnotic'd hour,  
In Contemplation's profitable bower.  
Wrapp'd in Imagination's fond career,  
Lo! distant periods thus in prospect near:  
Transported thus, the muse from Heaven relates  
What future blessings on thy choice awaits.  
In days to come, when o'er thy furrow'd brow  
Old hoary Time his silver fleece shall throw,  
A parent's joy thy tender care shall move  
To infant pledges of thy mutual love.  
Around thy board a smiling race attend,  
Whom soft instruction from thy lips shall mend:  
Rear'd by thy hand, and form'd to charm thy eyes  
The boy shall prattle, and the genius rise:  
To this sweet task thy willing thoughts shall turn,  
And all the parent in thy bosom burn;  
Thy toiling hand their little wants engage,  
Nor feel th' encroachments of advancing age:  
Pleas'd, while around the wanton urchins play,  
In each some image of thyself survey;  
With theirs thy joys in gay succession flow,  
Their mother's virtues copying as they grow;  
Till, all thy wish, the grateful charge supply,  
Increasing transports as the minutes fly.  
Thus blest with more than what the world calls great,  
Pleas'd as the empress of thy little state,  
No rude invader shall thy mansion dare  
Nor hated demon ever enter there;  
No jealous fiend thy envy'd gates explore,  
While pinion'd love stands centry at thy door.  
Untainted joys thy paradise possess,  
And dove-ey'd Innocence for ever blest  
But hark! methinks some distant voice I hear,  
That whispering steals upon my ravish'd ear!  
Hark, yet again! methinks the solemn sound,  
Awful and slow, breaks from the hollow ground.  
Alas, 'tis she! I know the form, tho' chang'd,  
'Tis her's whom erst our infant cries sustain'd:  
Bent smiling downwards, with a parent's eye  
Thus speaks the shade, and counsels from the sky:

"Fear not, she said, thy guardian's call attend,  
Thy mother once, thy genius now and friend.  
On earth, while cloth'd in mantle of decay,  
I pass'd a transient momentary stay,  
Life's fleeting cares some light impression made,  
But summon'd thence, the mandate I obey'd;  
Free I resign'd the promis'd crown to gain,  
Nor found that Virtue promis'd it in vain.  
Walk then her paths, recal what once I taught,  
Nor think her precepts too severe for thought;  
Her future joys shall all her toils repay,  
And yield the rapture of celestial day.  
Earth's flattering scenes awhile may charm thy sight,  
Awhile thy steps to gaiety invite;  
But Heaven alone thy happiness must prove,  
That flower that blossoms in the realms above.  
Go, child! these precepts in thy bosom bear,  
Go while thou may'st, for this last scene prepare.  
Instructed thus, seek wisdom still, be blest;  
That task perform, and leave to Heaven the rest."  
Thus, sister! late methought I saw and heard!  
The form I reverenc'd and the voice rever'd.  
Alike for thee, the mission'd shade was lent  
For thee alike the heavenly message sent:  
Alike to thee, the important tale I send,  
And warranted from Heaven its truth defend.  
Forgive, if thus, amidst thy nuptial joy,  
Such serious thoughts awhile thy mirth destroy;  
Forgive, tho' (I the blest remembrance dear),  
Should steal aside and drop a filial tear.  
Go, Sister! mount on such seraphic wings  
And act what thus the muse prophetic sings,  
Of parents blest, and favour'd in thy birth,  
Go, in thy character, enrich the earth,  
On Time's swift wing while hours and days are whirl'd,  
Go live the example of an erring world.  
'Twixt rich and poor may Heaven thy fate ordain,  
Nor press'd with poverty, nor flush'd with gain.  
May all thy labours with success be crown'd  
With Virtue's wreaths be long thy temples bound;  
Mild as the zephyr, all thy hours serene,  
Till Life's sweet transit close the cheerful scene.

A D D R E S S,  
TO MISS C — P —, OF MARYLAND.

HOW blest the man by fate decreed,  
With you to join in Hymen's bands;  
His bliss will be supreme indeed,  
When join'd your hearts, you join your hands.  
'Tis then true happiness he knows,  
Which mutual love can only give,  
When on your lips he seals his vows,  
For ever in your arms to live.  
Should fickle fortune cast a gloom,  
And shed her baleful ills around;  
To you he looks he meets your smiles,  
And in your smiles contentment's found.  
Oh! When you find a generous youth,  
With every manly grace possess,  
Whose looks proclaim his sense and truth,  
Then wear his name and make him blest.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1795.

M. M.